

The Missile



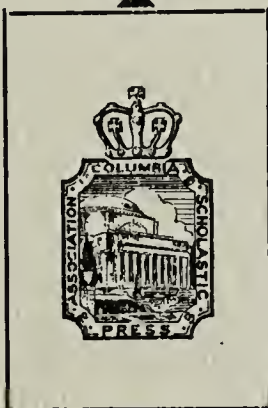
Petersburg High School

-- J. F. SMITH --

NOVEMBER, 1935

THE MISSILE

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PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

THE MISSILE P

Vol. XXIV

PETERSBURG, VA., NOVEMBER, 1935

No. One

...Table of Contents...

	Page
Staff	3
Old Forts Louis Farber	4
Fort Sedgwick—"Then" Robert Wilkerson	5
..... and "Now" Louis Farber	7
Contrasts: 1. Winter Yields to Spring..... Lula Windham	11
2. Autumn Edgar Morris	12
Ben Haddon's Guest Ruth Dewsbury	13
Twilight In Autumn Ruth Clark	16
Pardon Me Dorothy Moore	17
Another World War Gladys Mann	18
Hope Eleanor White	18
Front Page Story Jean Owens	19
Escape Jessebell Nash	22
Twists Shirley Carter	23
What Price Desire Jane Rees	25
Iris Robert Phillips	27
A Villanelle of Smiles Daphne Sherrod	28
Don't Push—Shove Robert Burgess	29
Embers Selden Robertson	30
The Smallest Regiment Harry Kauffman	31
Attraction Walter Townsend	34
Rain Lula R. Windham	34
Joy Riding Selden Robertson	35
Blind Bill Lorraine Swingle	37
An Appointment With My Dentist Daisy May Park	39
By the Fireside Marguerite Widdop	41
Football Squad Picture, 1935	42
Editor's Study: The School Monogram R. H. B.	43
Football L. M.	44
Thanks To You M. P.	45
A New Feature L. F.	46
Advertisements	47

Issued four times a year, in November, January, March and May, by the students of the Petersburg High School, Petersburg, Virginia.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Petersburg, Virginia.

Subscription Rates: 25 cents per issue; 50 cents per year.

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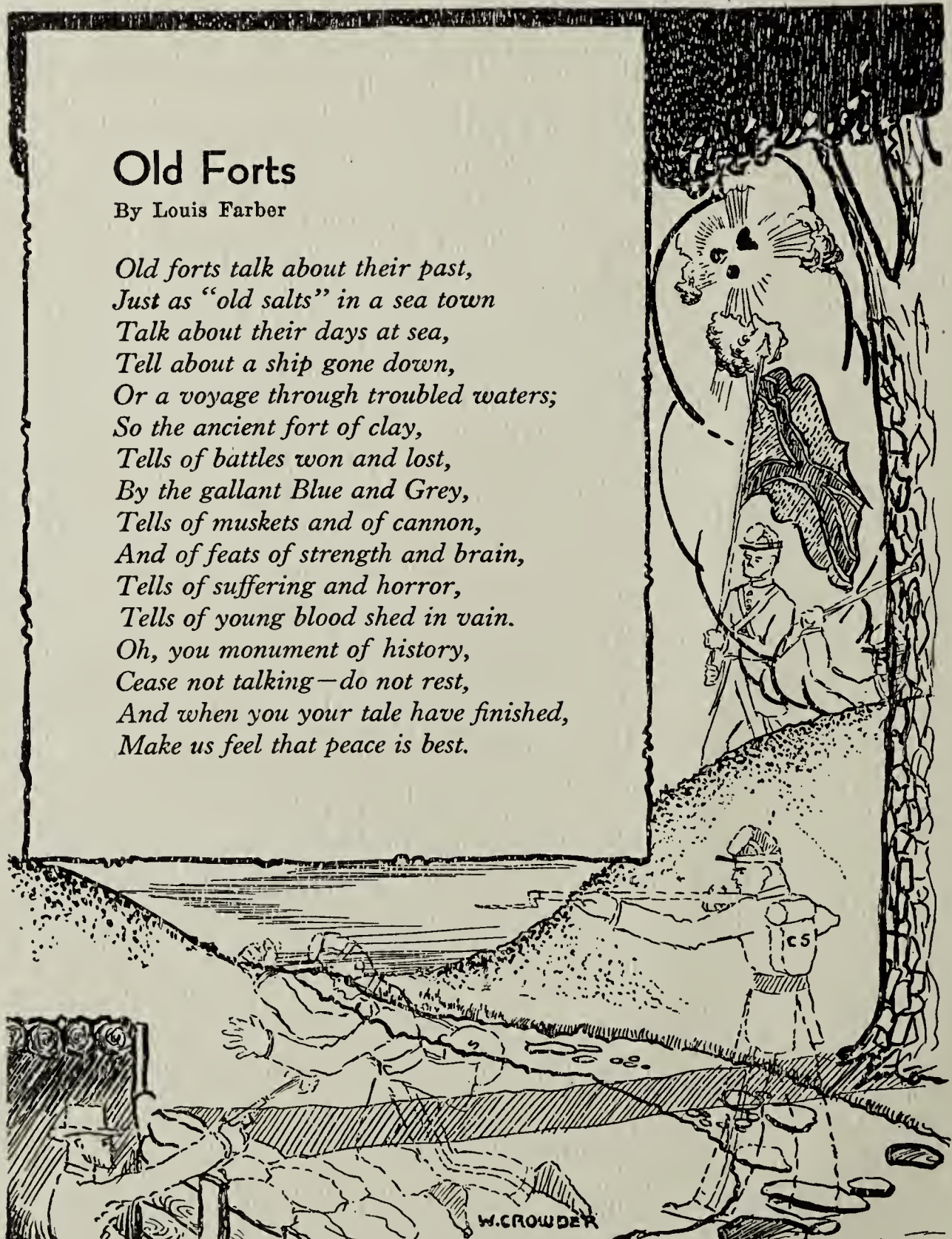
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Old Forts

By Louis Farber

*Old forts talk about their past,
Just as "old salts" in a sea town
Talk about their days at sea,
Tell about a ship gone down,
Or a voyage through troubled waters;
So the ancient fort of clay,
Tells of battles won and lost,
By the gallant Blue and Grey,
Tells of muskets and of cannon,
And of feats of strength and brain,
Tells of suffering and horror,
Tells of young blood shed in vain.
Oh, you monument of history,
Cease not talking—do not rest,
And when you your tale have finished,
Make us feel that peace is best.*



The Missile

Fort Sedgwick— Then

By Robert Wilkerson



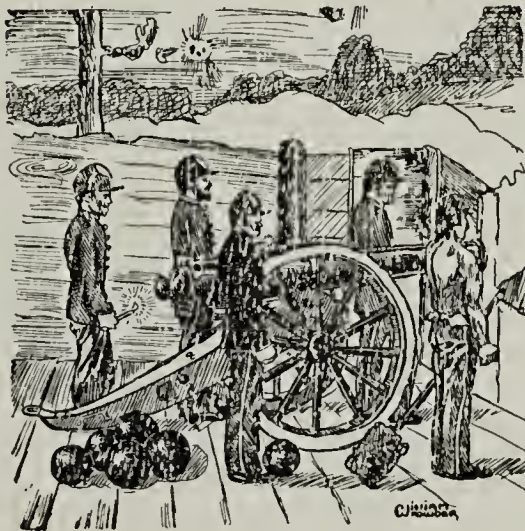
OUNDS of earth, underground tunnels, pieces of shell, and old rifles are what we have to remind us of the part that Petersburg played in the great Civil War, which lasted from April 14, 1861, to April 9, 1865, between the Union and Confederate Armies.

This war, which has been the cause of many hard feelings between the North and South, engaged 2,780,000 Federal and 1,000,000 Confederate troops, cost 500,000 lives, encumbered nation with a \$2,800,000,000 debt, and almost ruined the South.

It was during this war that there occurred the famous Siege of Petersburg. Among the most renowned forts left here are the Confederate Forts, Mahone and "Damnation," and the Federal Fort Sedgwick, called "Hell" more frequently by the Confederates because of its very warm climate.

It has generally been accepted that Fort Mahone was called by the Federal or Union Army "Fort Damnation," but recent research creates a doubt as to the truth of this.

"Fort Damnation" was a title indefinitely applied to the Confederate works opposite "Fort Hell" and included Rives Salient and the works extending west from that toward the



"The Missile"

Jerusalem Plank Road; it did not include Fort Mahone as many suppose.

Fort Mahone was often called "Fort Heaven" by the Federals because of the little damage that it did. It lay to the west of the old Jerusalem Plank Road directly opposite "Fort Damnation" which lay on the east side. What are today referred to as the Confederate Tunnels are located in front of "Fort Damnation."

Forts "Hell" and "Damnation" were about one hundred yards apart, while the picket or "vidette" lines were only eighty yards apart. For defense, each fort had about twenty-five yards of heavy abattis, made from trees set at an angle with the limbs pointing outward, stretched in front of it. Besides this abattis was an additional obstruction known as chevaux-de-frise, which was constructed as follows: there were good-sized timbers, round and square, through which holes were bored some six or eight inches apart and in opposite directions, through which stout, sharp-pointed wooden bars, about two inches thick, were forced, forming when complete a four-pronged obstruction resting upon two of the prongs. To complete the obstructive line, these were wired together at the ends of the logs, forming a very strong defense and hard to remove.

In this war, wood was usually the fuel for the Northerners while coal was used mostly by the Southerners. Good feeling generally existed between the two armies, and one exceedingly cold day, by mutual agreement, a party from each side went to the picket lines, cut down two trees, and delivered them.

Humor exists even in war, and once during a dispute among the Confederates, a soldier threw a brick and accidentally hit a Union soldier. The Yankee yelled back, "Fight fair!"

These were exceedingly trying days for both sides. Many soldiers were fighting against each other, but the maximum number of the Federal troops fighting at one time was eight hundred and seven officers and men.

Practically the whole North sent troops down here to capture the southern forts. The following are the states that sent their men to fight against the Confederates at Petersburg: New Hampshire, Wisconsin, Connecticut, Maryland, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Maine, Indiana, New Jersey, Ohio, Rhode Island, Michigan, Vermont and Illinois.

The Forty-Eighth Regiment of the Pennsylvanians met the first volley just at the Confederate picket lines. They then tried to storm Fort Damnation, but being delayed by the neces-

sity of removing the abattis while the Confederates continued firing on them, they were repelled and also lost their commander, Colonel Gowen, who had served on staff duty during the whole of Grant's campaign. However, being strengthened later by the New Jersey troops, the Pennsylvanians went around Fort Mahone and finally captured Fort Damnation, since Fort Mahone had only four or five three-inch guns and did not do much damage to them while circling around it.

Fort Mahone has been leveled by the plow, but the site of the same on the west of Sycamore Street, extended, Walnut Hill, Petersburg, Virginia, has been appropriately marked by the state of Pennsylvania; here is erected the tall shaft with a bronze figure of a Union soldier in front and memorial tablets on the sides in memory of Colonel Gowen and the Federal soldiers who fell there in this great War Between the States.

... and Now

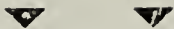
By Louis Farber



THE LOVELY colored autumn leaves atoned for the overcast skies. A bright breeze carrying the scent of fallen leaves blew little whirlwinds in the sand by the cabin door. A playful pup was chewing on a rotten stick, every now and then giving it a healthy

nation with a \$2,800,000,000, and almost ruined the South. about me spoke of unbroken peacefulness . . . yet here short years ago raged war. This realm of apparent peacefulness was once the realm of Mars . . . a hell on earth . . . Fort Hell. Here for many long months in '64 and '65 the Blue and the Gray fought their battles, one set on entering Petersburg, the other trying to keep him out.

From the cabin door, which is the door to the museum too, as the cabin contains the relics found around this fort, one cannot help but marvel at the uniformity and the cleverness of the man-made mounds that confront him. As you approach the



fort by the neat narrow path you realize why it is known as one of the best built forts of the War Between the States. Its protecting breastworks and its advantageous position give testimony to this.

Just in front of the fort, the path stops abruptly upon the brink of a shaft dug deep into the ground. Wooden stairs lead down to the edge of the muddy water which half fills the shaft. As the guide explained this shaft's origin to me, I drifted back into the past. I saw the three hungry and tired soldiers desert the Confederate fort—Fort Damnation—perhaps at midnight and crawl through tearing briars and damp weeds on hands and knees, long bruised and worn, the few hundred yards between the forts. Once safely inside of Fort Hell, they are fed, perhaps, and taken before the commanding officer, who in a biting voice questions them. From these tired souls he learns of a cave being dug from Fort Damnation to Fort Hell. Perhaps, as the mumbled words of the deserters explain the plan of blowing up Fort Hell, he jumps to his feet, excited and worried. Immediately his commanding voice has his men in blue sinking shafts in search of the cave. Many shafts are dug scarcely ten feet apart, as shaft after shaft gives no rewards to his efforts. Then in his desperation he sees a way. Calling his trusted officers into his underground headquarters he carefully explains his crafty plan in a low voice.

" . . . and we dig this cave parallel to our fort extending along that side which faces the Rebels. This cave we'll flood with water, gentlemen. Let them dig through that."

He laughs at his own brilliancy as his fellow officers approve his plan. And so the Confederate plan is thwarted. Another drama of the war.

I was awakened from my day dreams by the splash of water as a small frog swam rapidly about. This is his home—does he stop to wonder how much this home cost?

From here the small path climbs the breastworks into the fort. I stood on top and gazed in awe at the sight before my eyes: rows of uniform mounds of dirt, neat and somewhat similar to one another. I ran down the hill to catch up with my guide who stood before a well.

"This is the Blessed Well," my guide began, and as she talked I once more drifted back. Perhaps a wounded soldier, relieving his torturing thirst with its cool waters named it so, or some tired picket got new life from its refreshing contents. Or maybe some brilliantly garbed cavalry officer on his sweat-

ing charger on drawing water for his steed gave thanks to God for this "Blessed Well." Who knows?

But now the guide had moved from the well to an underground passageway.

"What now?" I wondered as I followed her below.

In the glow of a weak electric light which cast black shadows against the walls of red clay, I saw before me a small neat room somewhat square in shape and about six feet in height. The original pick axe marks and remnants of the supporting beams were called to my attention. I touched the wood reverently, and wondered somewhat dreamily about the man who made this beam. Was he killed later? Is he living now? Did he want to build this? I got no answer from myself useless to ask the guide. Only God knows.

There were many more underground rooms similar to these, but each contained some surprise. One, which I noticed especially, contained the original weapons found therein. A sword, canteens and guns, all in good condition, are there. Whom did they belong to? Was he a general or just a lieutenant?

The privates' quarters were not underground affairs; that is, not altogether. Three sides were covered with dirt probably gotten from the officers' dugouts, the fourth side open. A canvas cover gave protection from the cold on this fourth side. These quarters, constructed to hold six or seven men comfortably, were used by eighteen privates. I could not help but laugh when told that in order for one soldier to turn over at night, he would yell out "Turn!" and the whole packed bunch would turn.

Back in the days of fighting there were no trees in the fort, those previously there having been used for construction work in and around the fort. But once again the trees are back, adding extra beauty to the fort, especially in autumn. I could not help but think, as the ring of an axe against wood caused me to look farther down into the fort where a negro was hewing at a fallen tree, that some poor northern soldiers once did that same thing to help free the grandfather of this axeman.

Among the trees off in the eastern end of the fort stands a marker, under which lie two "Yankee" soldiers killed in battle. Unknown their names, unknown their rank, unknown their glory, unknown the good caused by their deaths; we only know that some bullet robbed them of their best possessions life and youth.

"The Missile"

Opposite these graves in the west side of the fort stands a small heap of bricks which once formed the kitchen chimney. This spot, no doubt, was the favorite spot of the camp. Here were gotten food and warmth.

Again I mounted the breastworks and gazed toward Fort Damnation. I stood upon the mount used for one of the seventeen cannon and wondered what damage that one did to the fort in the distance. In front of me were once the picket lines. Before these were placed the "Chevaux-de-Frise," a row of wooden poles sharpened on the upper end and criss-crossed so that when placed on the ground two sharp prongs faced the sky. Rows of these were used for the same purpose as barbed wire in the recent World War.

Down the mound I walked, past the shaft toward the cabin. Once inside I spent many minutes studying the relics and pictures. Bullets, guns, swords, axes, picks, cannon balls, mortar shells, pieces of the "Chevaux-de-Frise," buttons and hundreds of other things lined the walls and cases. On each one hangs a tale; some are known, others we must imagine.

In the museum I learned that because of the drawn out and terrible campaigns around this fort it was called Fort Hell. Its real name, however, is Fort Sedgwick. Here also I learned of many brave deeds, many historic facts and I know that hours of enjoyment await me in that little museum in the cabin.

So with a noonday sun breaking through the cloudy skies and giving promise of a hot afternoon I reluctantly left Fort Hell and sallied forth to Petersburg.



Contrasts

I.

Winter Yields to Spring

By Lula Windham

Now winter's gone with icy rain;
It does not matter; I am glad
The world is at the spring again.

Instead of down a snowy lane
I'll walk once more on grassy pad
Now winter's gone with icy rain.

I'll soon forget its cold refrain,
Its cold gray skies that made me sad;
The world is at the spring again.

No more the stinging, biting pain,
No more the racing winds go mad
Now winter's gone with icy rain.

The very earth does breathe God's name;
Come lovelier days than e'er we've had—
The world is at the spring again.

Where growling lions drove us insane
Now lambs will dance like joyful lad;
Now winter's gone with icy rain.
The world is at the spring again.

II.

Autumn

By Edgar Morris

Once again the gorgeous autumn,
Like some alchemist of old,
Turns the baser shades of summer
To a brilliant, burnished gold.

In the air there steals a crispness,
And the early morning sun
Spreads a frosty web of silver
That the autumn queen has spun.

After months of ceaseless labor,
Now the farmer is repaid
As he contemplates the harvest
That his honest work has made.

From the forest, field, and garden
Comes his generous reward.
To the autumn sky the farmer
Humbly turns and thanks his Lord.

Ben Haddon's Guest

By Ruth Dewsbury



EN HADDON had always been honest. He had expected everyone else to be, but was each time sadly disappointed with every man who happened to visit his shack. He was forever and eternally hunting for an honest man. Thus long hours of restless wakefulness had painted deep shadows under the red-rimmed eyes of the thin, wasted face, whose nose was pressed against the dirty window light as the eyes stared unseeing out into the darkness. Old Ben knew his time on earth wasn't long, and he wanted, with all his heart, his fortune to fall into just as honest hands as those which previously had possessed it.



The dingy road seemed to be filled with vague shadows and figures which melted away only to reappear again and again. It was getting late; only an occasional cat or dog passed by to give out a light meow or bark.

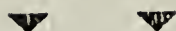
Still the old man sat on, quite motionless save for nervous fingers which fumbled with several folds of paper bills he held in his lap. When he coughed, his frame shook so cruelly he could feel the outlines of the object which pressed his side as he sat there; it was an old tin box, his money box, he used to tempt strangers with and thus find out their real qualities. He had long ago begun to think there wasn't an honest man left.

Events of days of long ago passed in procession through his mind; first, war days, bringing the sound of drums, the sight of death in every direction, and the sickly scent of gas which had so long kept him helpless in that old shack.

Old Ben's thoughts bounded back to reality as he suddenly perceived two figures approaching the path that led to the shack.

Nervously he grasped his box, thrust the bills inside, and made feebly for the staircase.

"The Missile"



Two strangers! And more than likely wanting to spend the night. Well, he'd give them a good test. There were twenty-five one dollar bills, two tens, and a five dollar bill in the box as he placed it carefully on the dresser in the shabby guest room.

Upon entering the front room, again he slipped a five dollar bill between the pages of a magazine, then hobbled to the door where a loud knock sounded.

"Hobo Bill," one of the visitors, sat waiting in the front room for his partner and old Ben to prepare a bite to eat in the kitchen. Idly, he reached for a magazine to peruse in the meantime. As he turned the pages something fluttered into his lap. Hobo Bill looked wide-eyed; it was a five dollar bill. Quickly crushing it in his hand, he shoved it into his pocket.

Imagine finding money in a shack like this! Five bucks! But there was something funny about that money. Old men living in shacks don't leave money around where anyone can pick it up.

Maybe it was a scheme. Sure! The old fellow would find the money missing and then give Hobo Bill over to the cops.

Oh, no, he didn't want to get mixed up in a thing like that and probably go to jail all for a measly five bucks. Hobo Bill took the bill from his pocket, smoothed the wrinkles and put it back between the magazine's pages.

After the men had eaten, Hobo Bill took a deck of cards out of his pocket and played solitaire. He seemed to puzzle over the arrangement for a while, then started moving cards on top of each other in a reckless fashion. He kept moving thus until there was a vacancy for a right play. Old Ben watched him, his owl-like eyes set piercingly on the cards.

Some hours later Old Ben led them up the rickety stairs to their separate rooms and bade them good-night.

The old man woke them early the next morning and gave them plenty of hot coffee and bread to help keep them warm on that long hike before them. Upon their leaving, he asked them for their addresses. "Always want to know who my occasional guests are," he said.

As soon as they had gone, Old Ben made his way to the guest chamber, the one which Hobo Bill's pal had occupied.

Upon examining the box he found two dollars missing, but in its place he found a note telling him that it would be repaid the following week, and so it was.

Some months later old Ben was taken ill, and just before he died he wrote a piece for the newspaper relating his experiences during the time he had been trying to find an honest man. He stated that he had found one in a tramp and was leaving his entire fortune to him.

Hobo Bill was overjoyed when he read this news, thinking the lucky one to be himself. His pal was downhearted because he wasn't the fortunate one.

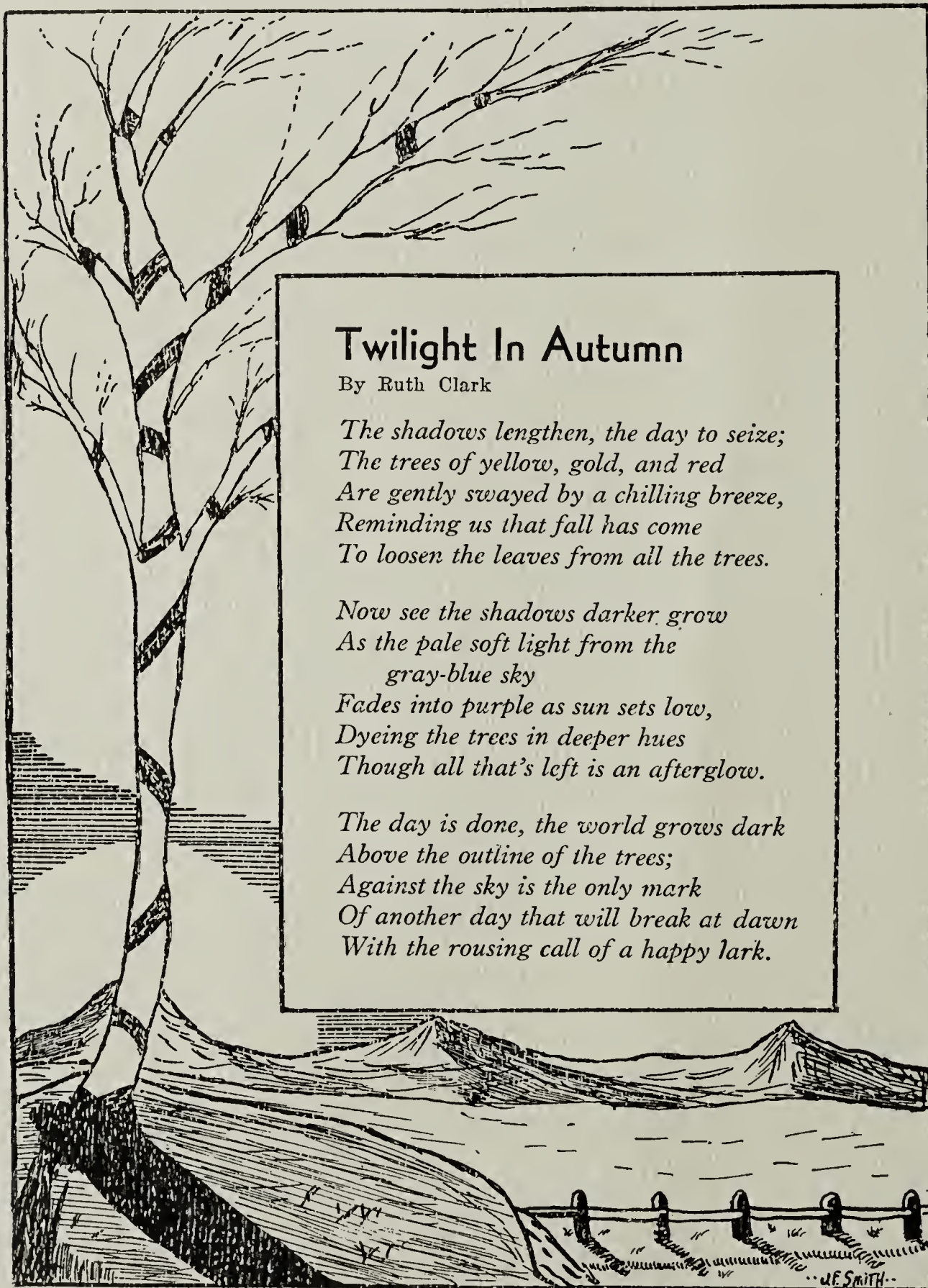
Hobo Bill told him, "You see it always pays to be honest."

"Yes, but I sent the money back the following week and left a note too," his pal responded.

Hobo Bill was shocked beyond words when he received a note from the old man written on his death bed:

"Have asked my lawyers to forward you this letter." It said, "Upon reading my newspaper story about my hunt for an honest man, undoubtedly you will think I have picked you out as the one instead of your pal because you did not touch any of the money I left around as an honor test. But you lose because no one but a crook would cheat at solitaire."





Twilight In Autumn

By Ruth Clark

*The shadows lengthen, the day to seize;
The trees of yellow, gold, and red
Are gently swayed by a chilling breeze,
Reminding us that fall has come
To loosen the leaves from all the trees.*

*Now see the shadows darker grow
As the pale soft light from the
gray-blue sky
Fades into purple as sun sets low,
Dyeing the trees in deeper hues
Though all that's left is an afterglow.*

*The day is done, the world grows dark
Above the outline of the trees;
Against the sky is the only mark
Of another day that will break at dawn
With the rousing call of a happy lark.*

Pardon Me

By Dorothy Moore



HAVING unexpectedly come into money by an advancement of next week's allowance, I became lighthearted and decided to celebrate. I went to a show.

As the picture was a good one, I knew there would be a crowd, so I started early. About two hundred other people had the same idea, so I didn't get a very good seat. In fact, I sat right behind a post. The lady next to me was so large that she took up all of her seat and half of mine. Therefore, looking around that side of the post was next to impossible.

I got along pretty well looking around the other side until a lady wearing a rather large hat with an enormous feather on it sat down in front of me. I tried looking around that, but I got such a crick in my neck that I gave it up, and attempted to look over it.

Just as I had gotten reconciled to the dirty trick the designers of hats had played on me, the two people behind me got up, and in going out, one of them knocked my hat over my eyes. This did not help me to see the picture any better.

This was repeated when two others came to take their places in the vacant seats. One of them had seen the picture before and wanted to prove it; so she told her companion the whole story.

My interest was recalled to the stout lady on my left. She was one of those people who come to a movie prepared to eat. She ate peanuts by the bushel and threw the shells on my feet, passing the bag over my head to someone she knew on the other side of me. She also wanted to know all the gossip of the neighborhood from her peanut-sharing companion.

Therefore, I got rather mixed up hearing the climax of the picture from the people behind me, the story on the screen, and who won the prize for the best strawberry jam.

But all things come to him who waits. The lady with the feather in her hat got up. I was able to see the newsreel perfectly!

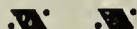
"How did you like the picture?" a friend asked.

"Best picture I ever missed," I replied.

Another World War

By Gladys Mann

Oft do I listen to the hum and roar
Of coming things too horrid here to write,
And see the ghost of past wars still and white
Warn solemnly that war should be no more.
The war birds o'er the land and water soar,
And ships of war become an awesome sight;
All preparations mean that we must fight
And go through torments never known before,
Till I stand waiting breathless and in fear
And lift my eyes in speechless prayer to God
That He will in His pity stoop and hear
The cries of men who have the war paths trod,
And save for life and joy their sons so dear
For happiness and not the gory sod.



Hope

By Eleanor White

As hopefully on through life I go,
I may fall helpless on the way.
Look down on me, a weary soul,
And shed on me thy beauteous ray.

That I may climb to nobler heights
And view the handiwork of God,
Who made us each for better things,
As we upon this earth have trod.

Perhaps I can lend a helping hand
To some poor creature sore distressed,
Who needs like me thy gleaming ray,
To guide him onward to his best.

Front Page Story

By Jean Owens



HEARD that Dick Hilliard broke into the newspaper racket on account of the pull the family had. Since you are such an old friend of his father, perhaps you can tell me whether or not the rumor is true."

The foregoing remarks were addressed by a bearded gentleman in the Embassy Club to the distinguished looking man seated beside him. The speaker was quite astonished at the effect his words produced on the gentleman to whom he had spoken.



Throwing his magazine down rather violently, the man jumped from his chair, and exclaimed, "Of all the ridiculous, preposterous, prevaricating rumors! Of course he didn't! He obtained his position on 'The Daily Sun' through his own efforts and ability."

Then, calming himself somewhat, he said mildly, "But let me tell you the actual story about Mr. Richard Hilliard, the millionaire's son who wanted to be Dick Hilliard, recognized as the A-1 newspaper man that he now is.

"Barney Stevens left the Columbia School of Journalism with his diploma and a position on 'The Daily Sun.'

"Mr. Richard Hilliard departed from the same school with his diploma and a standing invitation to all parties given by those of the Social Register. His family had practically forced him to give up journalism for the simple reason that they wanted no Hilliard working in a news office.

"Stevens, hearing this, remarked sarcastically. 'I guess you're vetoing the reporter's life for that of a social butterfly. As swell a chance as you've got in newspaper work and you step out in "top hat, white tie, and tails"! Well, all I can truthfully say is that I hope you choke on your caviar.'

“So Hilliard returned to the Fifth Avenue residence whence he had come and began dating every girl in the Blue Book—and some that weren’t. He, like other victims of ennui, laughed, drank, and danced as gaily as anyone else, if not more so. However, the fact remains that he was definitely and distinctly bored.

“Meanwhile Stevens had made the most of his opportunities and by this time wrote a daily column for the paper. He named it ‘Lights On’, and its satirical comments concerning habits of Broadway frequently created disturbances in the offices of ‘The Daily Sun’. However, none of those things ever bothered Stevens—he was paid to write the column, not to argue about its contents.

“Eventually Dick, bored almost to extinction, asked Stevens to help him ‘land a job’ on ‘The Daily Sun’.

“Stevens refused but told Dick, ‘You’ve got to get this job by your own efforts, or you’ll get talked about during the whole of your career, if any. But go with me when I tour Broadway for scandal items, and perhaps you can dig up a front page story.’

“Incidentally the next day in Stevens’ column there was a paragraph: ‘What won’t the publicity hounds do for news? Have you heard about the wealthy Hilliard who is all for becoming a “pore woiking boy” like yours truly.’

“The man would murder his wife to get news for his column.

“Ignoring that nasty article, Dick went with Barney to Broadway. While Barney confabbed with a suspicious looking character about a juicy bit of news, Dick wandered off to mysterious, forbidding Chinatown. Marveling at the quietness of the place, he was suddenly lifted off his feet and yanked into a musty Chinese curio shop.

“‘You glet hurtee out there,’ mumbled a large, toothless Chinaman.

“‘Why, what’s happening? If it’s anything exciting, I want to be there’. Dick was thinking of an extraordinary scoop.

“‘Tong Tsah and Tong Chah, they fightee! One Tong Tsah he kill one Tong Chah and all Tong Chahs mad. If you in Chinatown you fightee too.’ All the time he was talking he was gesticulating wildly to emphasize his words.

“‘But how am I going to find out about it without going out there?’ anxiously inquired Dick.

“A crash of glass was the only reply to his question as a curiously shaped long dagger hurtled through the window

into the room. Excited voices and running clogs could be heard outside. The Chinaman complacently picked up the dagger and placed it on one of the shelves. It dawned upon Dick that that was the means of replenishing the stock of the shop. As a matter of fact, its only stock was daggers. Throwing a hundred dollar bill at the Chinaman and grabbing up several daggers, Dick rushed out into the street to join the fighting.

There wasn't a soul to be seen anywhere on the outside! Everything was quite deserted. Dick reasoned that the unnatural stillness was significant of something uniquely mysterious. As he listened, he heard noises that seemed to come from beneath the sidewalk. Since he could find no way to go below, he returned to the curio shop. Because of the large sum of money Dick had given, the Chinaman was singularly loquacious and quite willing to tell how to get to the scene of action.

"'You die you own life,'" he said, shaking his head wisely, 'but me show'.

"Taking Dick to the rear of the shop, he led him down several flights of stairs to a sort of underground city. Then the friendly Chinaman scurried away. The fight was in reality, similar to a mountain feud except for the Chinese dress and the speech of the participants. From his post near the steps Dick was an eye witness to death.

"Watching closely, he saw that one set of men had all the advantages—in both numbers and weapons. In a remarkably short time the others were all wiped out, and the conquerors were taking the possessions of the dead.

"Anxious to leave the horrifying scene, Dick ran up the steps. Before he left, however, he learned from his friend that the Tong Tsah were the ones who won.

"'They ones allays win,' complacently remarked the yellow man.

"The next day 'The Daily Sun' carried headlines about the Chinese Tong War, with the exclusive story by Richard Hilliard.

"On another page in the column 'Lights On' was this item: 'Isn't it nice that a big city boy makes good in the big city in a big way?'

"So you see Mr. Richard Hilliard became Dick Hilliard of 'The Daily Sun,' with no pull and pretty much fight; yes indeed, pretty much fight," chuckled the old man as he picked up his paper and continued reading.

Escape

By Jessebell Nash

The jungle night
Tom-toms maddening sounds
Voodoo chants crazily chanting
 witch doctors
Cursing, screaming white men
White men black men
Who'll win? death to the loser;
Suddenly—quiet everything save
 the gentle splash of the muddy river . . .
And then louder wilder go
 the drums
Boom Boom Boom-bom
Will they never cease?
A hush again in the distance faint
 drums reply
Boom Boom Boom-bom
Never stopping go the two white men
Black men creeping in 'twill be a
 horrible death if they are caught
Death or worse—insanity if the mad
 beat of the drums doesn't cease. . . .
 boom bo om
Not as many a strange hush
An arrow a scream and then
 madly rushes on but one white man
White man black man
Silently quietly the stealthy blacks
 come nearer
Another twang a groan and
 then
Boom Boom Boom Boom.

Twists

By Shirley Carter



WHILE visiting an old soldiers' home in the North, I met a very interesting old gentleman. Upon telling him I was from Virginia he immediately became concerned and the following conversation took place.

"So you are from Virginia, Miss? I've been to Virginia twice in my life, once when I was a boy, and again when I was a soldier. I thought Virginia was a mighty fine place the first time I went, but didn't like it so well the last time I was there. Yes, that was during the War Between the States. I don't see how the people down there made such a long war with such poor materials. I saw the winding up of the whole business at Appomattox Court House. We were standing at parade rest while the Johnny-Rebs came by and stacked their old muzzle-loaders. Some of these old guns were as odd-looking as the Rebs that carried them.

"But they did some hard work with those old muskets. Why, they would shoot anything at you that was heavy and they could ram home. At Gettysburg, General Hancock was shot in the hand with a nail, I hear, and I'm not surprised because I saw with my own eyes something that would beat that.

"Sit down, Miss, and I'll tell you about it. I'll have to start back at my first visit to Virginia. Thad Potter and I grew up together. Thad's father had to come down to Virginia to attend to a tobacco deal, and he took us youngsters along with him. We spent a week at the Pace plantation near Five Forks, that was to become a battle ground in later years, but of course nobody thought about it at that time.

"We had a pleasant stay but a bad departure. Porter had a fight with one of the Pace boys the last day we were there. It was raining, and we were rummaging through an old tool shed, and just because Thad kicked young Pace's old hound dog out of his way, young Pace got all-fired mad about it. From words they came to kicks and blows, and Potter had to take the fight out of young Pace by hitting him on the side of the head with an old iron ram-rod. It was a curious old affair, having a sort of copper button on the tamping end, a fork to fit your finger on the other end instead of the usual draw-screw, and the whole thing was twisted like a lightning-rod. Thad must have whacked

"The Missile"

him right smartly, because each twist left a mark across that young devil's cheek and temple. As we drove away that afternoon the last thing we saw was young Pace standing at the gate shaking his fist at us.

"And so, Miss, I never came back to Virginia until years later after Thad and I had joined up with the 109th Pennsylvania Volunteers and it so happened that we hadn't been down there long before we were moved around on the west flank of the Petersburg lines near Five Forks.

"That night I was on sentry-go and along about midnight Thad came strolling to where I was and sat down on a log. He said he couldn't sleep for some reason, and that he was tired of this war anyway and wished it was over and done with. We talked on for sometime and naturally recalled our former visit to that section of the country. Thad said he wished he had kicked Pace instead of the dog and then they would have had something to fight about. I finally persuaded Thad to stop worrying about the war and to go back and try to get some sleep.

"The next day we were advancing under a scattering fire. The Rebel pickets were loading their pieces as they moved back, only stopping long enough to turn, drop down on one knee and shoot. We had them on the move and had been driving them back for about fifteen minutes when I came upon Potter lying on his back with a kind of surprised look set on his face. He hadn't been dead long, and sticking out of his chest was a peculiar twisted iron ram-rod with a shiny copper button on the end of it.

"I can't say, Miss, whether some Reb was just in too big a hurry to draw his ram-rod, or whether some particular one recognized Potter and did it on purpose. It was at close quarters, though. The powder burns on his jacket showed that.

"You must be going. Well, come around and talk to me again real soon. I get sort of lonesome just sitting around the Home here."

Perhaps my gradfather Pace was not just telling an old soldier's yarn after all when he used to say that he shot all his ammunition at the Yankees and then shot one with the ram-rod.

What Price Desire

By Jane Rees

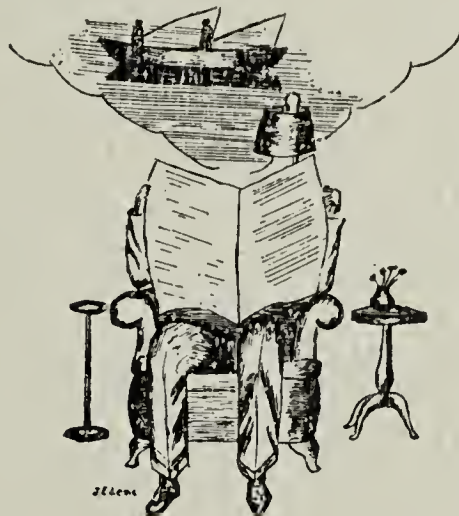


HERE was probably no happier man in the city of New York on this Saturday afternoon in August than Fred Morton as he slowly wended his way homeward. And reason enough had he for being happy was not this the beginning of his two-weeks' vacation?

Fred had had vacations before, but they had never meant much more to him than two weeks to hang around the small apartment which he and his wife Jennie called home. In fact he was usually glad when the time was up, and he was able to go back to work. But last summer at the end of his holiday he promised himself that the next one would be decidedly different.

Fred had always had a desire to become a fisherman, but with his meagre income, and being cooped up in the great city as he was, he had never been able to engage in the sport which his heart desired. Not being able to take part in the sport actively, Fred made up for this partly by reading magazines and books on the art of fishing, but, of course, this didn't go very far in compensating him for the loss of practice of the sport itself. Many a time he had read far into the night, becoming so engrossed in his reading that he could almost feel the jerk of the line or the "give" of the rod in his hand. At last it seemed that he could really engage in the sport enjoyed by so many others.

Fred and his wife had been married about four years. They had prospered fairly well in spite of the depression which had laid low so many others. Theirs was a quiet, simple life; they had very little excitement, but they were never in need and were comparatively happy. They had made it a practice never to have secrets from each other, but during the past year Fred had broken this rule. Each week, unknown to his wife, he had saved a little from his pay envelope. He had been looking for-



"The Missile"

ward to his vacation now for almost a year. With what he had saved he now had enough to purchase a fishing outfit and spend a week alone on a small lake about forty miles from the city. Fred had saved eighty dollars and was now on his way home to get it.

Jennie was to spend the next week with some of her relatives outside of the state, and would never have to know anything about her husband's "spree."

As Fred approached the apartment house in which he lived, many things passed through his mind: what a time he would have; his first real vacation; would it be worth the days he had cut down on his lunches, gone without cigarettes in order to put aside the money for his trip? He had already selected the outfit which he had desired for so long, and in a few hours it would really be his.

As Fred entered the hallway of the apartment, Jennie ran out to greet him, "Oh, Fred, I have a big surprise for you!"

Fred's heart gave a jump. Was it possible that something could go wrong now? Jennie continued breathlessly, "I was cleaning out that old trunk in your room this morning, and in the pocket of an old pair of pants I found eighty dollars in cash!"

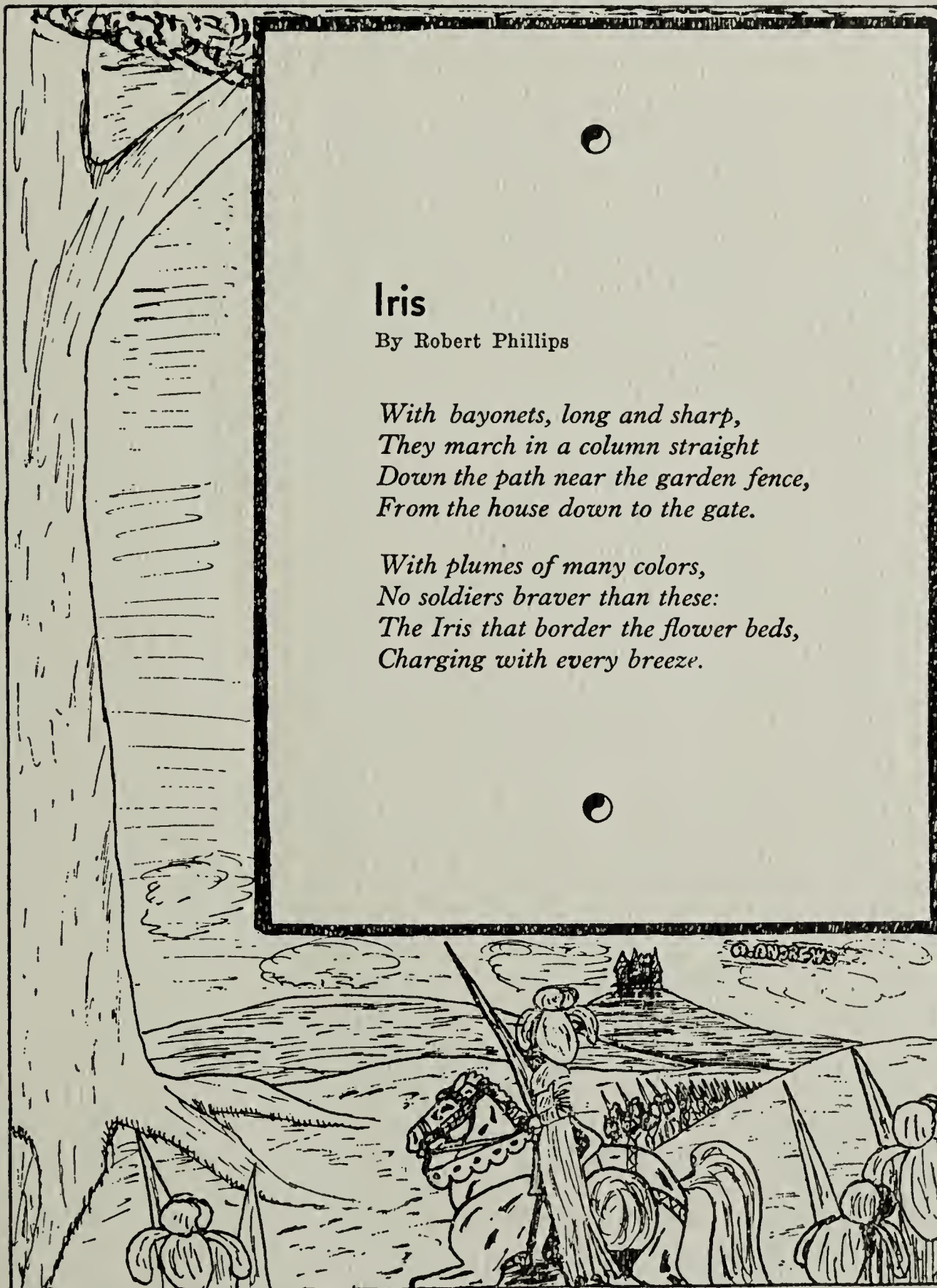
Fred just about gave up hope of his long awaited fishing trip. All the days of looking forward and going without were all for naught.

"What did you do with the money?" he asked, trying not to show his disappointment.

"Why, I spent it, and you'll never guess what for."

"I give up," said Fred, forcing himself to smile slightly in order to hide his true feelings.

"Why, I bought you a complete fishing outfit, and while I'm away next week, you can take that fishing trip you've been wanting for so long!"



Iris

By Robert Phillips

*With bayonets, long and sharp,
They march in a column straight
Down the path near the garden fence,
From the house down to the gate.*

*With plumes of many colors,
No soldiers braver than these:
The Iris that border the flower beds,
Charging with every breeze.*

A Villanelle of Smiles

By Daphne Sherrod

A smile is such a lovely thing
That turns from gray to blue the sky,
And makes sad hearts with laughter ring.

The soul of pauper, rich man, king,
Is changed from grief and gloomy sigh;
A smile is such a lovely thing.

The airy songs of birds that sing
Bring smiles to hearts of passers-by,
And make sad hearts with laughter ring.

The child with wistful smile can bring
Love to the heart—don't ever cry!
A smile is such a lovely thing.

A mother's smile for babes that cling
Is lasting memory till they die,
And makes sad hearts with laughter ring.

A smile and laugh are joys that fling
Themselves abroad—to others fly.
A smile is such a lovely thing
And makes sad hearts with laughter ring.

Don't Push—Shove

By Robert Burgess



PROBABLY no other group of chain stores is so widely known as the Five and Ten Cent Stores, and wherever you may see them, they are all exactly alike. Everyone of these "bargain factories" is highly standardized as to prices, clerks, management, floor plan, etc. In fact, I believe I could walk through any "5-and-10" blindfolded and recognize it as such. Of course, I would have to be conducted through the store's whole length in order to render my decision, for if I passed by the lunch counter only, or the candy counter only, or just by the toy department, I could be easily made to think I was almost anywhere. But if I passed all of these places in the same store, it would be impossible to guess wrong (unless I was prompted to judge that I had entered a drug store). Yes we're all familiar with the good ole "5 and 10" with its red color scheme, and its, "May I wait on you please?" and above all we are familiar with the general layout of all of these stores.

It seems that the designer of the first ten cent store sacrificed everything in order to save space. Maybe such economy was prompted by a shortage of blue print paper. However, be that as it may, the fact still remains that the aisles in all dime stores are as narrow as a one track mind.

In order to be thoroughly impressed by this condition, one should visit Mr. Woolworth's establishment on a Saturday night (if an extra-special lesson is desired, the applicant should be in a tremendous hurry). I see you're not so anxious to take me up, so, knowing that experience is the best teacher, I'll pass my experience on to you.

It was a dark and stormy night, so I stepped into the "5 and 10" to mosey around until the rain could apply the brakes. Well, as I entered the door, it seemed that the whole town had had the same idea about the matter. I took a furtive glance over my shoulder at the storm outside, gritted my teeth, and fell in line with the milling crowd. And so the fun began. It seems that I've heard football called a contact sport; well, this kind of shopping has football beaten a mile. Speaking of football, any time a backfield man wishes to practice side-stepping and fancy foot-work, I suggest that he visit the "5-and-10".

"The Missile" ▼ ▼

This type of Saturday night shopping brings you closer to your fellow man—yes indeed, a good deal closer—for you are nudged, shoved, pushed, pulled, jostled, and cussed at by people of every degree of politeness and cleanliness.

The lack of width in the ten cent store aisles must cost the store a goodly sum because of stock breakage too. I have also had a bit of experience in this line.

Once, while ploughing along through the circling herd, I was forced to make a quick side step to avoid a collision with a huge something which suddenly blocked my path. The move was a disastrous one—the book-bag which hung over my shoulder hit a drinking glass, and a tremendous crash was the immediate result. How in the world could one glass have made such a noise! I took a startled look to see how many dollars' damage had been done. The remains of one shattered drinking glass lay at my feet. I glanced up to see how many cops were coming after me. How I wish I had never looked up! Every eye in the place was turned my way—all 10,000 customers were glaring at me—and here came the floor walker and a clerk! I could feel my color rising until I'm sure my face matched the scarlet counter. By this time the aroused floorwalker was at my side. I quickly explained how the accident had happened. The gentleman was unusually gracious in pardoning me. I ducked my head, executed a few more maneuvers, and was at last free of the seething mass of bargain-hunting humanity.



Embers

By Selden Robertson

Like a cauldron of molten metal
The moon swings across the heavens,
Glow's brightly for a time,
Then slowly cools.

The Smallest Regiment

By Harry Kauffman



THE little party of soldiers stopped at midday at a free-flowing spring to water their horses and eat their hearty lunches. They

had left Fort Davis at sunup and had ridden hard all morning in order to reach Pecos, where they wished to spend the night. To the northeast of Pecos and about a day's journey from there was Midland, their journey's end, from which an Indian reservation was going to be moved. The commandant there wished a few soldiers to make sure everything came off all right since the Indians were averse to moving.



The men had built a fire to make a little hot coffee and warm their chiled fingers. The sergeant in command of the party and "Polly" Rodriquez, the Mexican guide, stood apart from the rest. It was December, and Polly listened uneasily to the wind which was rising fast in the north. Sergeant Campbell was also disturbed by it. Although he knew little about this particular part of the country, he did know how cold it could become in a few hours if a "norther" arose. Polly, who had been looking closely at the horizon, pointed to a small cloud to the north.

"A snowstorm will come within three hours, senior," he prophesied in his perfect English.

The sergeant nodded assent. After a pause he asked, "Well, do you suppose you can keep the trail in the storm?"

Polly considered a moment, "No, senior, but we shall not go far from it. I can guide our course by the north wind if all other methods fail. Besides, I am quite familiar with the country."

In a few minutes the troopers headed into the teeth of the biting north wind since Pecos was almost directly north of them. The small cloud on the northern horizon grew steadily and covered the whole horizon within an hour of leaving camp. A few flakes of snow began to fall, and soon there was a raging blizzard.

Both the sergeant and the guide considered it best to push on since any shelter they could get on the prairie was unsuited for this kind of weather and, moreover, the country was uninhabited.

While the small band of soldiers traveled slowly against the blizzard, in Pecos other things were happening. On the western outskirts of the town an armed band of perhaps eight townspeople and three or four neighboring ranchmen led by Sheriff Henshaw were following the track of a man in the snow. The trail was fairly clear, having been made about fifteen or twenty minutes before.

For the past month the town had been troubled by a gang of petty thieves. They had rustled the ranchers' cattle in a small way, broken into the general store, and stolen something from nearly every inhabitant. Several times men suspected of being thieves had been seen to go over the top of a certain hill about two miles west of the town, but they could not be traced farther. Therefore, when someone had tried to rob the general store again and had been seen to leave, the sheriff had little trouble in collecting a posse in almost no time.

They followed the trail with lanterns, for it had already grown dark. When they had ridden about a mile from town, one of the men held up his hand.

"Listen," he said in a tense whisper.

They heard a muffled clump, clump of horses' hoofs coming towards them in the snow as they waited in silence. Soon the form of a rider loomed out of the dark.

"Who's there?" called the rider loudly.

"Friends," answered Sheriff Henshaw as he recognized the uniform of a soldier.

Finding the sergeant, he told him what he was trying to do and requested the aid of his men. Sergeant Campbell answered that, although he and his horses and men were almost exhausted, having traveled all day in the storm, he would do what he could.

Following the trail of the robbers the little cavalcade came to the hill over which the suspected men had been seen to go. There the sheriff thought best to halt and send out scouts to the other side of the hill to see what they could find.

Just as he got to the top of the hill, one of the scouts thought he saw a twinkle of light. Standing in the same place he saw it again. He called low to a scout near him, who came and saw it also. Going to the place where the light came from they found a large, well concealed cave. Carefully peeping in,

one of them saw a sleepy guard, a fire which had burned low, and a half dozen men around the fire. Two of the men were asleep with their weapons beside them, and the rest appeared to be afraid that their comrades who had robbed the store that night was being tracked. These, too, were well armed.

Having seen enough the two men immediately reported to the sheriff. The sheriff considered a moment, then spoke to Sergeant Campbell. The sergeant nodded, and then Sheriff Henshaw told the men his plan.

The sergeant's men on horseback went over the hill and down the other side. Then they rode in single file past the mouth of the cave. As soon as they got into a place where no one in the cave could see them, they turned their horses, rode back up the hill over the cave, and came back down a little outside the mouth of the cave in the view of those inside. The robbers refrained from shooting because they thought the soldiers would go by without seeing them.

One of the last men exclaimed, "Look! A light!" Getting down off his horse he pretended to make a discovery.

"There are the men we want," he said as he peeped into the cave.

"Are you sure?" asked Sergeant Campbell riding up.

"Yes, Colonel."

"You men dismount and come here," shouted the sergeant as if to a regiment of men.

As soon as the men had formed a circle around the mouth of the cave, the "Colonel" shouted to the robbers in the cave, "Hey! you men in that cave, if you don't surrender now, you'll never get out of that place alive."

This ultimatum had the desired effect. Soon one man came out and was immediately bidden not to speak for fear he would give away the small number of the detachment. Thus all soon were bound tightly and given to Sheriff Henshaw.

An enormous sum of money was found divided among the bandits. The money was identified as that which had been stolen from the bank at El Paso about a month before. A reward was out for them and a big one at that, for it was found that this was only one of the gang's several crimes. When the sergeant had figured his part of it, amounting to about twenty-five dollars, he remarked, winking at a soldier nearby, "Pretty good pay for being colonel for five minutes, soldier, if you happen to ask me."

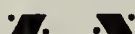
Attraction

By Walter Townsend

Attracting attention is a thing
That man and beast both try.
The flowers even choose the colors
That please the butterfly.

Some people in their attempts to please
A crowd of any kind
Will do as many foolish things
As one without a mind.

The girls, to please the masculine eye,
Use powder, paint and curls,
While boys will do 'most anything
At all to please the girls.



Rain

By Lula R. Windham

A hoary man all drenched and gray
Comes stealing through the night,
And quietly spreads along his way
A train of dull, dead white.
One meager sound upon my roof,
His horse when drags his lagging hoof.

Through a night of raven black
An ancient friar comes flying.
The sweeping gray cape from his back
Sends forth a mournful sighing.
Drear sounds compose a gloom refrain.
The man—the friar—they are rain.

Joy Riding

By Selden Robertson



JOY RIDING in an automobile, I think, is one of the most invigorating and head-clearing diversions that I know of. To me nothing is better than an auto ride on a pleasant, cool evening. But all automobile rides on pleasant, cool evenings are not "beer and pretzels," as I have been convinced by a recent experience.

Joy riding, as I have said before, is a most invigorating and head-clearing diversion provided there are as many riders as the automobile was originally intended to accommodate. But in this case the car was already carrying more than it could conveniently accommodate comfortably, and it fell to my lot to take the front seat with two young things of the feminine gender, one on each side. The one on my left was making a brave effort to control the car, while the one on my right, or so it seemed to me, was succeeding quite well in not letting one of my number elevens find parking space; the other eleven I had managed to race through the traffic of emergency brake and starter, and with a sigh of relief I now observed it riding gracefully at anchor approximately two inches from the accelerator.

For a time I was considerably perturbed as to how the young lady on my left would be able to manipulate the gear-shift lever, but with a little help on her part we managed to get low gear; second was no trouble at all, but high was something else. No prima donna ever had as much trouble on high C as I did with high gear. After two or three stops for traffic lights I was well on the way to being an expert contortionist.

When the last traffic light was forgotten and the highway had straightened out before us, I thought, "Well, this isn't so bad after all." Very pleasant thoughts, but I had failed to reckon with the prowess of the young lady on my right. When the driver attempted to pass a slow moving auto she failed to observe an oncoming one. This change of events necessitated a quick turn to the right. The other lady seemed to be something of a "back seat driver" and though no sound escaped her lips, in her mind she thought, I imagine, I don't know (we will never know the "her mind" thoughts) that she was driving an imaginary car, and following her reflexes, the thing to do was to slam down on the imaginary clutch and brake. This she proceeded to do with utmost speed and force, only it wasn't so

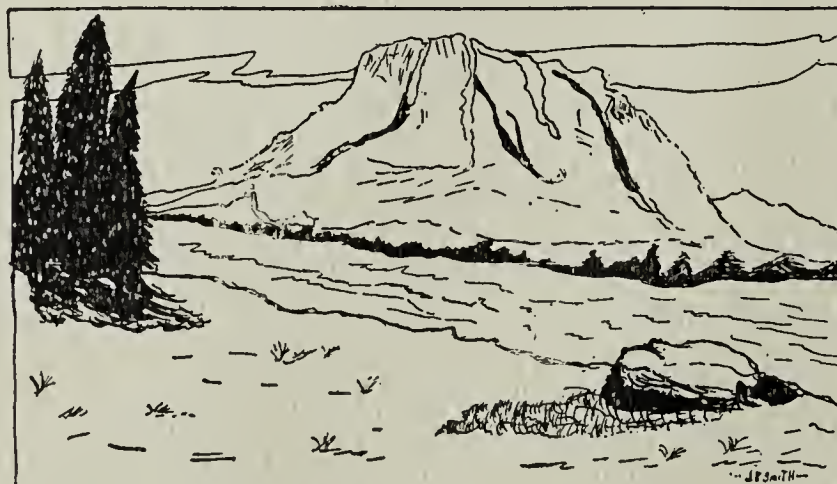
"The Missile"

imaginary and it wasn't a clutch or brake, but instead my number eleven was torpedoed and suffered greatly therefrom.

After things were more quiet and life once more was worth living, the road took a sharp turn to the right. The driver in order to comply with this sudden demand did likewise. Heretofore when a curve made it necessary, I had been able to take a deep breath and with a little squirming the driver's elbow could negotiate the pit of my stomach, but this time I was caught completely off-guard and received for my lack of attention a terrific right elbow to my solar plexus, which rendered me quite breathless for a minute or two.

No more unusual events occurred on the ride back home, and I suppressed a "Rah" when I saw the outlines of my driveway. On attempting to alight I encountered considerable difficulty, both my feet having gone soundly to sleep long ago, after a few gyrations and some intricate steps of the "Highland Fling", 1935 version, trying to wake them up, I discovered that I had developed a decided list to the starboard and had, as I found out very shortly, a crick in my back.

So naturally you can see joy-riding sometimes ain't what it's cracked up to be.

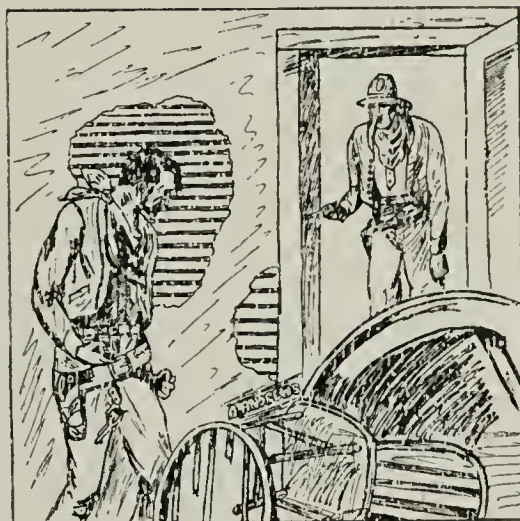


Blind Bill

By Lorraine Swingle



OF COURSE, Blind Bill wasn't really his name, it was William Braxton—but the village folk had dubbed him Blind Bill because, sixteen years before he had lost his eyesight in a shipwreck. He, his wife, and nine-year-old son Jim had been going from a little island in the Pacific to San Francisco. His wife had been killed, but he and Jim had been picked up and brought ashore to a port a few miles from this village. He had lived here for the past sixteen years.



Blind Bill was of medium height, white-haired and bent. His face was bronzed from having worked at sea for many years. He was about sixty-four years of age.

One could seldom find Blind Bill alone, for the village children never tired of hearing the endless tales of his adventures and travels, for Blind Bill had travelled very widely before he lost his eyesight, and many were his tales of the years he had worked as a sailor on various ships, where he had acquired his sailor's stride; also he had travelled on every habitable continent on the globe many times.

Now that Jim, who was about twenty-five years old, ran the village store, Bill spent a great deal of his time sitting in an old chair, tipped against the front of the store, smoking an old corncob pipe and spinning his yarns to the wide-eyed children who sat at his feet. Old folks as well as young ones listened to Blind Bill's tales because they were true ones, alive with adventure and romance. At the other end of the village's only street lived Widow Harkley, who managed to earn her living by sewing, scrubbing, washing—anything that she could do to earn her bread.

Since Blind Bill had no one to do these things for him he often hired Widow Harkley. Really this was one of his ways of learning everyone's troubles and experiences—for Bill liked

to hear tales as well as tell them, though he wouldn't admit it for the world. Widow Harkley also worked for Carl Harkins, of whom few people spoke above a whisper, for he was a notorious crook, who kept guns concealed on his person at all times and hung around Mike's barroom as if it were his own home. Very few of the cowboys who came in every Saturday to celebrate dared cross him.

One Saturday night about one o'clock Blind Bill, who knew every path there, started to the store so he could walk home with Jim, who, as his son and only relative, was very close to the blind man.

As he approached the store he sensed that it was strangely quiet and deserted; so he felt his way into the store and groped his way to the back where Jim usually sat. Just before he reached the back he stumbled over something. Stooping down, he felt a body, still and cold, lying at his feet. At the first touch Bill sensed death, but in spite of a feeling of repulsion he forced himself to slide his hands over the face.

Suddenly Bill stood up and started sliding his feet over the floor. At one shuffle of his feet he kicked something.

Bill started, for he had been looking for a gun, and this was much lighter and smaller than a gun. Bill stooped over and picked it up. Then he suddenly clenched it in his hand and, after grabbing Jim's gun from the dead boy's holster, he ran out the door and down the street and into Mike's barroom. Here he stopped, the gun having been concealed in his coat. He walked, as calmly as possible to the bar and asked Mike to take him to Carl Harkins. Mike, protesting, complied, taking him to a small table in the far corner of the room.

Bill walked over to Carl and asked to feel his face to see how he looked. Carl allowed him to, having known Bill for a long time and thinking him absolutely harmless.

Suddenly Bill put his hand in his coat, drew out the gun and fired a shot into Carl's heart so quickly that Carl could not prevent him. Carl, however, had whipped out his gun and fired also. Both slumped to the floor as the cowboys and Mike rushed to the spot, which was partly screened by sacks which had been put there to afford privacy for the most particular ones.

They found Bill dead with his gun clenched in his right hand.

After examining Carl Harkins they discovered that his wooden finger, which a long time before Blind Bill had fashioned for him, was missing.

An Appointment With My Dentist

By Daisy May Park



WHY IS IT that a dentist can't steal in on you at unexpected times like friends from out of town, distant relatives, or even burglars so that you wouldn't have to worry from twenty-four hours to two weeks before the time of the appointment actually arrives? Like most disagreeable things, they are not so bad once you are in the midst of them. But oh, how disagreeable things loom in our imagination when we think they are approaching And oh! oh! how much larger they loom in our imagination when we know that are approaching.

Of all disagreeable things, going to my dentist is the most disagreeable. Now my dentist is a very agreeable old gentleman and I rather like him; I certainly am not afraid of him. His office is not a bad place at all—deep leather chair, magazines, and books. It's not his office I object to. His assistant is a charming young woman; she is friendly, and we always find lots of interesting things to talk about. I'm certainly not afraid of her. I will even go so far as to say I'm not afraid of the needles, pincers, and scrapers. I'm really not even afraid of the drill—of course, I may be a little anxious about it, but not afraid.

What is there so annoying about an appointment with my dentist? Well, I'll tell you. It is that harmless looking little appointment book that he always keeps by his telephone. Absurd, you say? Maybe so. But that appointment book is my pet annoyance.

Suspense brings anxiety; anxiety brings worry; worry brings annoyance; and there you are. For what can create more suspense than an appointment written down in that little book? You know you must be there when the book says be there, and the worst of it is the little book sets some time in the future. Now, do you understand? It is waiting for the appointment to come around that is my pet annoyance!

Like climbing a mountain, this punishment looms on the horizon long before you actually start to climb and the closer you climb to the top the more difficult is your progress. Just

"The Missile"

as soon as that wicked telephone causes an entry to be made in the little book you begin wondering if it's going to hurt. Yet it will be several days away, why worry now? You may even forget about it, but not for long. A day or so nearer the appointment you stop wondering if it's going to hurt, for by this time you know it's going to hurt and your chief worry now is how badly it's going to hurt. You're not likely to forget about it any more. Another day goes by; you start counting first the days, then the hours. By this time you are sure it is going to hurt. You are sure it's going to hurt badly. The question now is how long will it last, and beads of sweat now stand on your brow. All of this, mind you, before you even get to the dentist's office, but time marches on.

Now comes the "minute" section of my pet annoyance. With fear and trembling I am now climbing the steps that lead to the torture chamber. I hope the waiting room is so crowded that my dentist can't possibly see me this day. Alas, there is only one person there waiting. She gives me a sickly grin. That is some consolation. She must have a pet annoyance like mine. I take up a magazine but can't read because I am too busy counting the minutes. Climbing the stairs elsewhere than to the dentist office, no matter how long and steep, never makes me breathe so hard as I am breathing now. I can't stand it any longer. I go over to the window and look down on the street six stories below. How free and happy those people down there seem, but I, oh me, am a little better than half decided to leap from the window and end it all. But too late. My dentist is standing at the door of the torture chamber awaiting me.

Now comes the "second" section of my pet annoyance, and by second I don't mean the second that comes after first, I mean the tiny particles of time chopped off by the ticking of my dentist's watch. I am seated in the chair with a bib around my neck, while at my side I can see from the corner of my eye a whole towel full of shiny ways to make people miserable. My mouth is dry, yet I don't want a drink of water. How long has this scraping and scratching been going on? My dentist asks me to relax. Not on your life! He's not going to hurt me and I not be ready to halloo! I brace myself to die like a Christian martyr and hope that a report of my bravery will reach the ears of my fond friends. Time has stopped. There aren't even seconds any more. I am braced for the worst.

“That’s all, Miss Park. Your teeth are in very good condition. I found it necessary to fill only one small cavity. Come to see me again in about six months.” Well, that wasn’t bad at all! That’s what your imagination will do for you. How foolish of me to worry so much about one little cavity—but I wonder if he won’t hurt me worse when I come back six months from now!

By the Fireside

By Marguerite Widdop

Oh, I can see in the flames so bright,
Pictures of old, of lady and knight.
King Arthur and his table round,
The Holy Grail in the dark background.

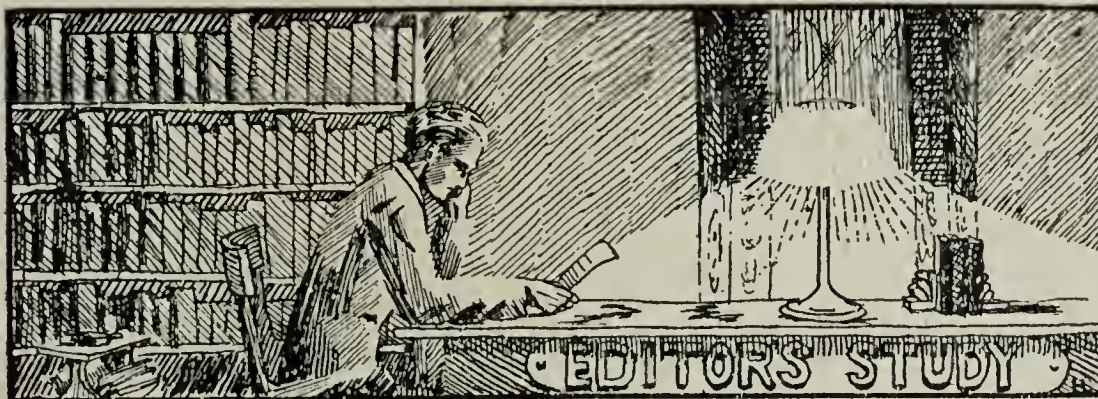
The bright flames like the plumage gay
Of the colorful knights on tournament day,
So brave and bold they go on their way,
And some will return and others stay.

Sir Galahad so brave and bold,
Sir Lancelot, the lover of old.
Elaine, the maid of Astolot,
Who died for him who loved her not.

The flame goes down as a curtain falls,
On the final scenes of the ancient halls.
The fading figures take their leave,
Back to the land of make-believe.



PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL SQUAD, 1935



The School Monogram



Each year our Athletic Association awards letters to all athletes of the school who meet the requirements in any major sport. Many of these monogram winners are voted and initiated into the Monogram Club. This organization was formed with the intention of striving to create more interest in school sports, to build up a better brand of sportsmanship in the school, and to see that only those who are entitled to wear letters should do so.

However, it seems that the Monogram Club has forgotten some of its objectives, especially one: that of unqualified students wearing the monogram.

Now is the time to stop this, and the Monogram Club needs the support of the entire student body to check the spread of the wearing of imitation monograms.

The P. H. S. monogram stands for good sportsmanship, ability, loyalty, and a very great deal of hard work. Only outstanding athletes deserve these letters, and the winning of them must continue to be one of the highest honors a student can receive.

Imitation monograms have crept into our presence, and it should make any student's blood fairly boil when he realizes this fact. Seemingly it has not, for the imitators have continued, neither warned nor molested.

The Monogram Club should take action. Is it asleep? Doesn't it treasure the significance of the school letter?

We make this plea to the student body of our school as

well as the Monogram Club, that we seriously endeavor to uphold the standards of the Club which for so long has been an organization in the school.

—R. H. B.

•••

Football



FOOTBALL games usually bring many followers of the visiting teams to our city—but practically the only place that most of them can find to camp until kick-off time is on the grounds and in the halls of the Petersburg High School. It is quite all right for these visitors to drop in to see us: but when they become nuisances, then they should be ejected. Knocking on classroom doors, whistling, laughing in the halls, all tend to interrupt classes and profit nothing for the disturbers.

Mr. Wolff has repeatedly asked these outsiders not to disturb the classes, and in due respect to these visitors, we must grant that there has been some improvement in their conduct, but we feel that it can still be improved.

Now we know that when one is in another city for such an occasion as a football game, there is sure to be excitement and a feeling of "hello everybody, I'm here!" Don't forget in all of this excitement that impressions are formed and praise for your school can be gained.

We are not forgetting that the members of Petersburg High School follow our team and cause just the same trouble in other schools. Therefore, we're asking the students of our school to carry the movement of courtesy to other schools. We are sure that such schools as Maury, John Marshall and others would gladly cooperate with us in this. After all we're old enough to know how to act while visiting, and it really comes under the head of good sportsmanship, that little courtesy you show your host.

Let us set the pace, "Petersburg High Schoolers," and show the state high schools the way. We can do it!

—L. M.

Thanks to You



WE WISH to use this method, as members of the Missile Staff, to express our sincerest gratitude to the various societies and organizations in the school for helping the Missile financially. This magazine is still in debt from last year, and we are anxious to get it in good financial standing again as soon as possible. This deficit would have been greater if the O. G. Club, the Square Circle, and other organizations had not contributed liberally. Therefore we are very grateful to these, and we appreciate their help more than we can say.

Money must be provided somehow in order to publish any magazine. The expense attached to publishing a magazine of this type is more than one realizes. A large sum of the money needed to publish the Missile is gotten from the merchants of Petersburg, who contribute their share toward supporting the Missile through their advertisements. Since we sell the subscriptions at a reasonable rate, we do not make very much profit in this way. If we do not raise sufficient funds, we cannot keep the Missile in our school, and certainly we don't want this to happen.

The Dramatic Club, which assumed the responsibility of the "All School Vaudeville Musical Revue," has given us a large share of the proceeds which they took in. We greatly appreciate this, and we all know what a help it will be.

The Missile is one of the oldest institutions in the Petersburg High School. It has lived for all these years due mainly to the student body's efforts. We are proud that the members of our high school have again risen to help out the magazine, and we hope that other organizations will make it possible for us to continue the Missile as a first class school magazine.

We hope that the editions this year will repay the school for the aid given to the Missile. We feel our gratitude lies in the one word—thanks!

—M. P.

A New Feature



WE HAVE included in this issue of the "Missile" an article on the history of Fort Sedgwick and immediate vicinity. This was done with two purposes in mind: first, to acquaint the readers of the "Missile" with these historical spots which we feel many of us know little about; and second, to add variety in an educational form to the "Missile".

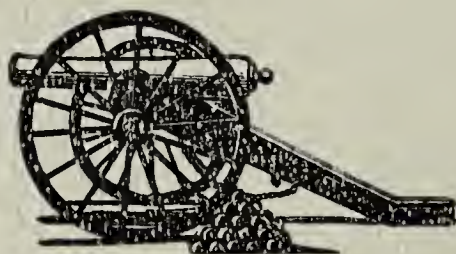
We feel that surprisingly little is known about Petersburg's history to most of us and that a series of these articles can and will bring us knowledge of this history. In an effort to get away from the form of the regular history texts, we have decided to have these articles written as personal essays giving the author's own emotions and opinions.

Of course the continuance of these articles depends largely on their acceptance. The wonderful way in which the "Williamsburg Issue" was received last year assures us that articles of this type are enjoyed. The success of that same issue is largely responsible for the "Fredericksburg Issue" of the "Missile", which will appear in January.

In these articles you will find the interesting facts that lie hidden in old forts, old battlegrounds, old churches, etc. We feel sure that these articles will bring you enjoyment as well as enlightenment on the history that belongs to you.

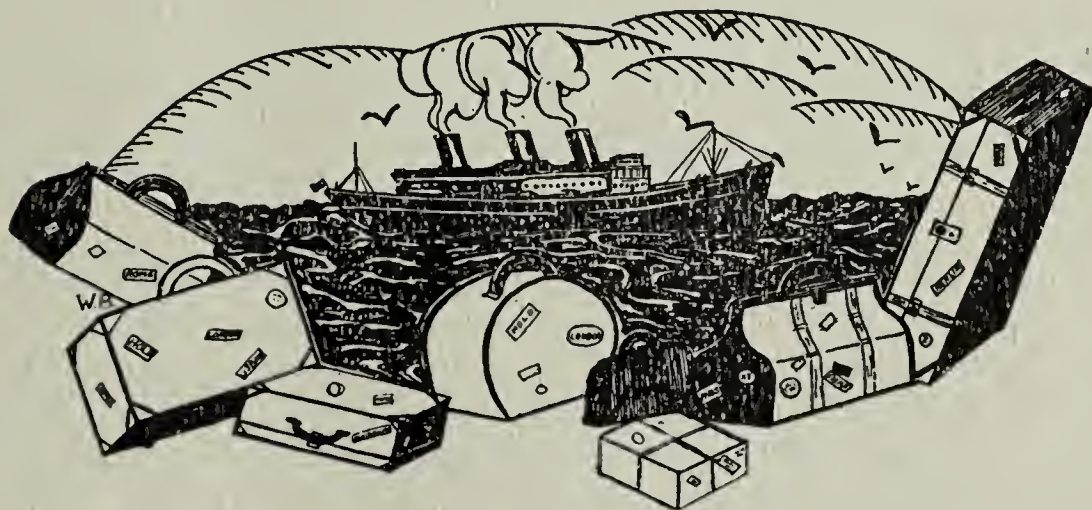
The "Missile" Staff wishes to thank Mr. David Lyon, owner of Fort Sedgwick, for the courtesy and information given them so that these articles could be written.

—L. F.



▼ ▼ P. H. S.

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